IN THE STARRY SKY.

WHAT MAY BE SEEN THROUGH THE YERKES TELESCOPE.

Powerful Glass at the Williams Bay Observatory Brings the Moon Within Sixty-four Miles of the Earth—Close Study of the Planets.

For nearly two years the big eye of the Yerkes telescope in the observatory of the University of Chicago, at Williams Bay, Wis., has been spying out the secrets of the stars. It has looked one-fourth further into space than any instrument devised before it. Night after night the huge, grim Cyclopean eye swings slowly round in its ponderous frame, crouched in its big white dome, and keeps a sleepless watch upon the heavens. The great dome is open to the sky. The ponderous tube swings slowly, imperceptibly, with the turning of the earth from sunset to sunrise again. Shut in the black shaft which supports the barrel of the refractor is a clock, a wonderful piece of mechanism, which tells off the motion of the globe on its axis. The telescope shifts, hair breadth by hair breadth, guided by the clock, and making the circuit of the heavens, with tireless eye fixed all night long upon a single star. There is no escape from the big eye. As the earth swings in one direction, the eye silently alters its focus, never aweary and never asleep.

What can the ordinary observer see through the largest and most perfect telescope in the world? What has the big lens so far revealed to the astronomers who have watched it as an oracle since the first day it peered into space? What does the finest telescope in the world look like to a man who doesn't know a telescope from a barrel?

A reporter for the Chicago Inter Ocean visited the Yerkes observatory of the University of Chicago at Williams Bay for the purpose of answering these questions. A big telescope is almost human. It is furnished with a curious sixth sense, a marvelous second sight. Mysterious, uncanny, huge, it powerfully impresses one and grows more wonderful on closer acquaintance. The whole observatory is built about its monster eye. For the eye alone are the motors, the flying pulleys, the movable dome, the rising floor, and all the curious instruments varying from the delicately strung spider web of the micrometer to an apparatus weighing fifty tons. Without the huge eye everything would be useless. This eye is the lens of the refracting telescope in the main tower at the western end of the observatory. It is reached by a flight of marble steps from the main corridor. Entering the building in the evening, all is quiet and dimly lighted, the main tower quite dark. About midway of the round dome is the rising floor, over which the telescope swings. It is a triumph of mechanical skill, the only satisfactory means devised for reaching the eye piece of a big telescope as it is tilted up and down or swung around on its axis.

The telescope itself is a big iron tube sixty-two feet long, painted black. In the end which looks out through the dome is the object glass or refracting eye, forty inches in diameter, or four inches wider than the lens of any other telescope of the kind in the world. The iron tube, with its lenses, finder, eye pieces and other appliances, weighs nearly twenty tons. And yet so nicely is it balanced that a strong pull with the hand will swing it a foot or more. The huge telescope is moved on its axis by electricity.

Describing the apparatus, Dr. Hale finally fixed the big eye of the telescope on the planet Saturn. It was a fine, clear night, with little disturbance in the atmosphere, and Saturn appeared to twinkle about half way between the sky line and the zenith. The eye piece which was put on magnified nearly 500 diameters, one-eighth the highest power used. This is how the planet Saturn looked to the reporter gazing through the biggest telescope in the world: It appeared a yellow, round disk about the size of the moon, not flat, but clearly globular. Around it twinkled a purple band a quarter of an inch wide. Next to this was a solid ring encircling the planet, of the same bright yellow color, and quite distinct; next to this was a second narrow violet band, and surrounding that a second broad yellow band like the first. Around the whole sparkled a brilliant violet circle. Saturn's moons appeared as three tiny round yellow marbles grouped to form a pruning hook to the left of the planet's disk, while a fourth one hung a little lower down to itself on the same side. No oscillation was apparent. Saturn's rings and satellites apparently were of the same yellow color of the planet. Sometimes these rings can be discerned in their colors and form a brilliant rainbow about the planet. From the outer rim of the planet proper to the outer edge of the outside ring, the distance, through the telescope, looked to be about two inches. It is, in fact, 172,000 miles! Looking through the huge refractor, the human eye is able to discern a space of 172,000 miles as two inches in the area of the heavens! To the ordinary observer the shining violet rings about the planet form a beautiful feature of the view. These rings, however, are due to imperfections which exist in every telescope, and which astronomers would be only too glad to dispense with.

The telescope was next turned upon Jupiter, the largest planet in the solar system, and as big as all of the other planets put together. The distance from this earth to Jupiter is a trifle of 400,000,000 miles, and it takes forty-three minutes for its light to reach the earth. Jupiter's disk looked about as big as a large marble, probably two inches in diameter. At its side, in a nearly straight line to the right, appeared four small marbles, its satellites. The color of the planet was almost white, a very light yellow. Across the planet appeared three faint purple streaks, on the order apparently of the man in the moon. While at Lick Observatory Professor Barnard discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter, but was unable to study it to any advantage. The Yerkes telescope brings out this fifth moon very clearly to the eye of the astronomer, and Prof. Barnard has been able to observe it and measure it with great accuracy.

Star clusters seen through the Yerkes telescope are wonderfully beautiful, a great ball, like a swarm of golden bees. The moon was too full for a good view, and showed merely a pale yellowish surface.

About noon Prof. Hale had the telescope turned on the sun. No sun spots were visible, so the telescope was directed along the disk of the sun at the flames which burst through its dense, gaseous cloud wrappings and thrust their tongues far out into space. On a pink background, shading into dark red, and fully rounded, one saw a hooked yellow flame half obscured by what looked like gray vapors. There was an apparent movement, the flame darting high, sinking down, or again bending over to lick the round disk of the sun. Curious as it may seem, a glimpse through this powerful glass is more wonderful to the astronomer than to the man who looks millions of miles into space for the first time. To the astronomer each object is full of details which escape the untrained eye. Every line has a meaning, and in the merest trifles he reads the story of a million years.

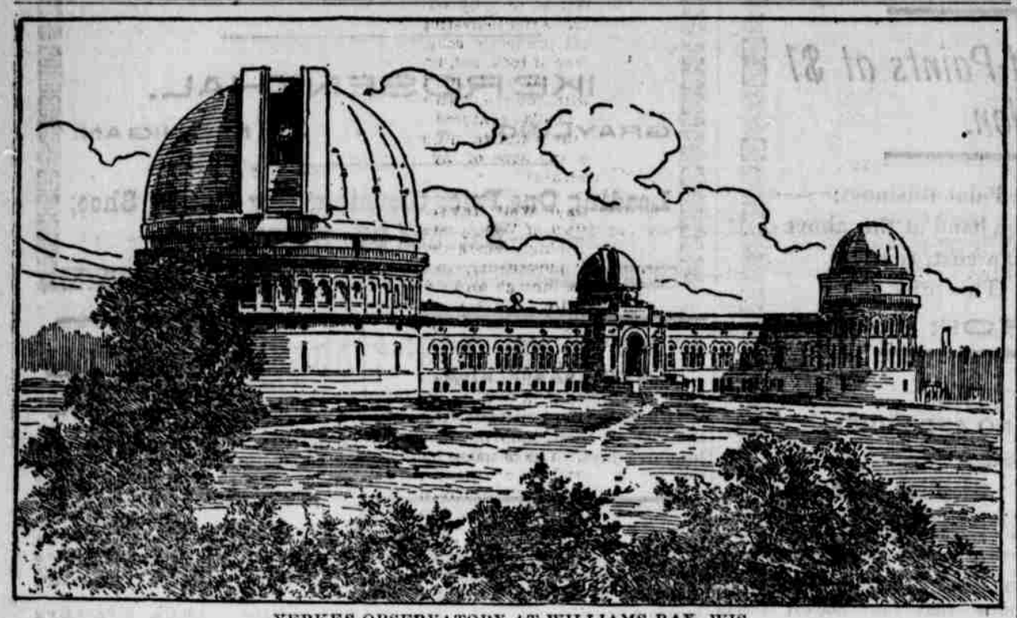
The history of the Yerkes telescope itself is the history of the evolution of an eye, of the most wonderful artificial seeing apparatus yet devised. This great eye is 200 times as large as the human eye. That is to say, its diameter is forty inches, while the diameter of the pupil of the human eye is one-fifth inch. It is made of two separate lenses, one of crown glass, two and one-half inches thick at the center, three-fourths of an inch thick at the edge, and weighing 200 pounds; the other of flint glass, one and one-half inches thick at the center, two inches thick at the edge, and weighing 300 pounds. One of these glasses is convex and the other plano-concave. These two lenses are mounted eight and three-sixteenths inches apart in the end of a big steel tube sixty-two feet long, about forty-two inches in diameter, and weighing six tons. No figures, however, can properly express the size, the delicacy, the almost human intelligence of the great machine. The object glass of this telescope is as delicate as a human eye. A superfine silk handkerchief rubbed across its surface would destroy it. And yet, with proper care, it will never wear. The glass for each lens was cast in Paris by the firm of Mantois, celebrated for the manufacture of optical glass. Up to the time of the Lick telescope they had not been able to cast a solid, perfectly achromatic block of glass more than thirty inches in diameter. Then came the American order for two lenses thirty-six inches in diameter. The Frenchmen could but try, although they were skeptical as to the outcome. Nineteen times the trial was a failure. For months the mold was allowed to cool imperceptibly each day until all the heat had gone out of it. Then came the test. Nineteen times the glass contained flaws too great to be remedied—minute bubbles, unequal densities, various other defects. The twentieth trial produced a magnificent piece of glass, which finally became the property of the Lick Observatory. Encouraged by this success, the firm of Mantois set about the manufacture of a glass one-fourth more powerful than the one they had just made. Again and again they tried, schooled by the nineteen failures in making the Lick glass. Each trial required several months. At last the patient French makers were rewarded with two disks forty-two inches in diameter and as nearly colorless and flawless as glass was ever made. These blocks of glass were made into the lenses now in the eye of the Yerkes telescope. The glass was ground and finished by the firm of Alvan Clark & Sons, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Just as Americans have never been able to cast perfect and large disks of optical glass, so the French have not been able to polish the disks perfectly after they are cast. For four years Mr. Alvan G. Clark worked at the lenses. It may be that another such perfect glass will never be made. The secret of the polishing has been handed down for three generations in the Clark family. Previous to the work of the Clarks a German family—the Frauenhofers—had polished these glasses. For a century after the death of the last Frauenhofer it seemed that the art of polishing optical glasses was lost. Then Alvan Clark, a portrait painter in Massachusetts, attracted the attention of English scientists, and he and his family far excelled the German artists in glass. Mr. Alvan G. Clark, the last of his family, attended the dedication exercises of the Yerkes glass, returned to his home, and died within a few days.

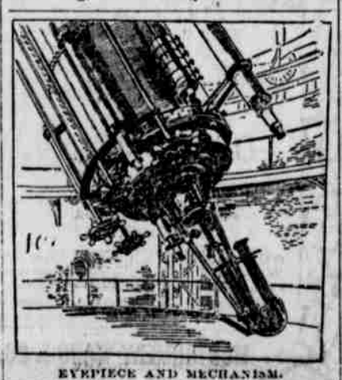
The eye piece of a telescope, through which the observer looks, is the part of the instrument which magnifies the objects seen. The number of diameters to which an object can be magnified to advantage depends largely upon the perfection of the object glass. In the Yerkes telescope a glass which magnifies 3,700 times has been employed successfully. Through this the moon would appear as it would to the naked eye at a distance of sixty-four miles. The eye piece ordinarily used magnifies 460 diameters.

Incredible as it seems, the delicate measurements of the movements of the stars are calculated by cobwebs nicely stretched and forming the real measuring apparatus of the micrometer. They last for years and are even cleaned of dust with a delicate camel's-hair brush. Taking off the glass covering one evening, Prof. Burnham was examining the webs. He absentmindedly breathed into the aperture, breaking one of the filaments, which it took considerable time to replace. At the Yerkes telescope a device has been perfected for lighting the threads with electricity and making them a faint red color. A white light on them would be so brilliant as to injure the eye of the observer. In addition to its micrometer, the big telescope is equipped with all other accessories, such as spectroscopes, spectographs, spectro heliographs, photo heliographs, etc.

While interest centers around the main dome and its sleepless eye, the Yerkes Observatory would be a big institution if it had only its minor glasses to depend upon. One of these is a twelve-inch refractor mounted in the north dome. A twenty-four inch reflector will shortly be mounted in the south dome. A sixty-inch reflecting telescope is also being built now in the instrument shop of the observatory, and will be mounted in another building at some future time. As it stands equipped the Yerkes Observatory cost $500,000. It is the most complete in the world, with a refracting telescope forty inches in diameter. Next in order is the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, with its thirty-six inch refractor, and third in order is the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, Rusia, with a lens thirty inches in diameter.



YERKES OBSERVATORY AT WILLIAMS BAY, WIS.



EYEPIECE AND MECHANISM.

Some of the Telescope.

The building is in the form of a Latin cross, the longer axis of which lies due east and west. A great ninety-foot dome completes the western end and twenty-six foot and thirty-foot domes terminate the north and south transepts. The body of the building is divided into laboratories, libraries, offices, computing rooms and photographic dark rooms. The ground floor is equipped as an instrument shop, making this the only observatory in the world which manufactures its apparatus under the direct supervision of those who use them. This gives unexampled facilities for the application of new methods of research, and already more than a dozen intricate machines have been constructed and used successfully. The observatory is built of yellow brick, ornamented with fluted columns carved at the bases with gargoyles and other symbolic devices. The corridors and stairs are finished in white marble delicately veined in green and the wood is of massive oak.

The observatory has a little life of its own. Professors in charge have built their homes along the lake, and a small colony of scientists has gathered about the big telescope. Dr. Hale, the director, has a beautiful cottage a short distance away. Prof. Barnard, of the observatory staff, and one of the best-known of American astronomers, has built a homelike house of Southern architecture commanding a grand view of the lake. Here he and his charming wife dispense hospitality to many a visitor, and on the front porch the most distinguished astronomers of this country and of Europe have smoked an after-dinner cigar and discussed the puzzle problems of the universe.

Much of the work at the Yerkes observatory during the past eighteen months has been of a kind which could not be accomplished at any other in the world. In all observations which involve minute measurements of the highest precision the Yerkes telescope is unrivaled. The measurement of the motions of the stars, which approach or recede from the earth, are of great importance, as data gathered from these throw light upon the movements of the entire solar system. To this problem, the greatest in astronomy, Dr. Hale, Prof. Frost and Mr. Ferdinand Ellerman have applied themselves.

The sun, with all its attendant planets comprising our solar system, is rushing toward the star Vega, or Alpha, of the Lyre, at the inconceivable rate of ten miles a second. Vega is one of the most beautiful stars in the heavens and can be seen now near the zenith on any fair evening. Probably since the life of man began, perhaps since the universe was born, our solar system has been speeding toward this star. In the life of a generation the sun comes hundreds of millions of miles nearer its destination. But in many generations, to all appearances, this approach would not be perceptible. The journey, so far as mortals are concerned, must be eternal.

When, where and how, if ever, did this journey begin; when, where and how, if ever, will it end? is the greatest of the unsolved problems of astronomy.

Trees Suggested Skeeters.

'Tis not often one runs across a loquacious street-car conductor. Usually they are just about as talkative as graven images. But there was a new man on the Indiana avenue line and he was hungry for a talk. Along about Forty-seventh street a man took a standing seat on the back platform and the conductor fastened on him instantly.

"That's a fine grove of trees," he remarked, pointing to a grove of maples, "but whenever I see trees I say to myself 'skeeters.' Yes, sir; that's the very first thing I say to myself—'skeeters.' I hate skeeters. I can't abide 'em. Consequently I don't like trees. No, sir; I'm a treeless plain man, I am—a boundless prairie feller. Why, sir, I had a good job and as nice a little home as you ever see down East an' I wuz fixed for life right there. But it was down in Jersey. An' the skeeters bit me till I didn't know my own name; would have answered to the name of Smith or Jones just as well. Well, sir, I throwed up my job an' sold my home and I started for New York. But, Lord love you, sir, I got into trouble quick. They stopped me 'fore I could get into New York. They said I had the smallpox, I was bit up so frightful. But I finally got West, an' here I am. An' whenever I see trees I thinks skeeters. Why, sir, down in Jersey many's the time I've seen them skeeters flyin' about smokin' clay pipes; yes, sir, smokin' clay pipes—to keep the other skeeters off 'em. Once I——"

But here the passenger jumped off between two blocks.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PRESIDENT ZELAYA.

He Is Regarded as One of the Ablest Statesmen in Central America.

J. Santos Zelaya, the president of the Nicaraguan Republic, whose power has been clipped by Gen. Reyes, the rebel, is regarded as one of the ablest statesmen in Central or South America. He is approaching 50 years old, and is a

PRESIDENT ZELAYA.

wealthy coffee planter. From his youth he was interested in politics, and has always been known as a leader of the liberal party. He was educated in Paris, and lived in that city for eight years. During the wars of the Central American states he won the rank of general, and the liberals ran him for and elected him to the presidency. Gen. Reyes declared himself the provisional president of Nicaragua, and Honduras gave him aid.

Colorado's Gold Exhibit.

A solid gold nugget miniature of Pike's Peak, weighing over two tons and worth a million dollars, will be Colorado's gold exhibit at the Paris Exposition. It will reach New York City under guard in a special car, and thence the government will convey it to Paris. The exposition commissioners have guaranteed its safe return. It is purposed to duplicate the mountain in its natural features, so that visitors to its summit will recognize it in the nugget. The signal station on the summit, a squat building only eighteen feet high, but perhaps forty long and fifteen wide, will appear. Climbing up Engleman's Canon will be seen the famous cog road, with perhaps an engine and a coach, the regulation train on the highest railroad in the world.

Madrid's Slums.

Madrid abounds in slums, which are even greater eyesores than those of Whitechapel. There are labyrinths of narrow old streets, bordered by the most unloviting hovels; and from the squalor of these abodes spring the components of the ferocious mobs which are the bane of the city.

PHRENOLOGIC MAN.

He Has a Third Eye on the Top of His Head.

Deep researches as to the structure of the human body have recently furnished some startling facts regarding changes which man is at present undergoing physically.

It is believed that man was formerly endowed with more teeth than he possesses now. Abundant evidence exists that, ages and ages ago, human teeth were used as weapons of defense. Unintentionally traces of such use are often revealed by a sneer. The teeth are sometimes bared, dog-like, ready, as it were, for action.

The practice of eating our food cooked and the disuse of teeth as weapons are said to be responsible for the degeneration that is going on. The wisdom teeth, in fact, are disappearing. Human jaws, found in reputed Palaeolitic deposits have wisdom teeth with crowns as large, if not larger, than the remaining molars.

In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; to-day a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision. It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head. The human eyes formerly regarded the world from the two sides of the head. They are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position.

In the dim past the ear-flap was of great service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. But the muscles of the ear have fallen into disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists.

Again, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organ. But the nose still indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

Color Your Own Pictures.

Some of our amateur photographers may be interested in learning an easy way of coloring a photograph nicely without having first taken lessons in drawing or painting. This is the method: After you have printed wour photograph, and before you mount it on cardboard, hold it against the window, placing the picture side toward the glass; then sketch clearly on the back of the picture the outlines of the parts to be colored. When this is completed place the picture side of the photograph against a blotter and apply the desired colors to the back of the picture, keeping within the sketched outlines. Then prepare a mixture consisting of ten parts benzine and one part vaseline, and pour this over the photograph, rubbing it thoroughly into the paper with the finger. Do this on the face and back of the picture. After the picture has become transparent through this process let it stand for an hour or two, then dry it with a cloth and mount it on cardboard. The color will show clearly.

Worse than a Dentist.

There is in Toledo a young grocery clerk who would like to meet the inventor of the self-coiling string-holder. That man is responsible for the grocery clerk's undoing.

The clerk got into the habit years ago of biting off the string instead of breaking it, after tying bundles. Naturally his teeth protested against the practice. At length they gave up and wore out.

He bought false teeth. Before he fairly got acquainted with them, so to speak, the patent string-holder was established in the store. Then, as fate would have it, a young woman whom he secretly admired came in to buy five pounds of sugar.

With the activity of an anxious lover he made up the package and tied it. Then, according to his old custom, he bent forward and severed the string with his teeth.

But he forgot the bolder, and he did not realize the end of the cord had wedged itself between two of his new teeth—until, as the spring rolled up the slack, his "plate" was hoisted from his mouth and triumphantly waved aloft at the end of the string.

Bad Postures in Sitting.

Physicians who teach physical culture assert that it is not the ice water we drink, nor the soda water, nor the amount of smoking that men folk indulge in, that causes us to be a nation of dyspeptics, but the bad postures that we adopt when sitting. A correct attitude in sitting requires proper height and width of seat, a desk or table of the proper height when desk work is required, and a proportionate amount of care upon the part of the pupil to sit upon his seat in a proper position. The relation of the person to the seat should be such that while the hips and shoulders touch the back of the seat, the other portions of the back remain clear. The center of the back can not touch the back of the seat without relaxation of the muscles and resulting flatness of the chest, and perhaps of the stomach, provided, of course, the seat has a backward curvature.

Death Mask of Ingersoll.

Taken from the plaster cast made just after death.

Travel in Dancing.

An average waltz takes a dancer over about three-quarters of a mile, a square dance makes him cover half a mile. A girl with a well-filled program travels thus in one evening: Twelve waltzes, nine miles; four other dances at half a mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles more; the intermission stroll, and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate her gown and complexion, half a mile; grand total, eleven and a half miles.

GAME FOR TWO LIVES.

The Romantic and Generous Chivalry of "Wildcat" Smith.

Old "Wildcat" Smith, the last of the famous band of Texas pioneers, is living at a hale and hearty age near Caldwell, Texas. He does not look like a lawyer, but he has nevertheless, sat upon a camp stool and decided cases of the greatest importance. He does not bear any very marked resemblance to a general, but he has commanded a considerable force in battle, and while military critics might have complained that he was deficient in strategic ability, none ever charged him with a lack of valor. Few people would discover in his face or manner any of those traits that distinguish a duelist, but he has demonstrated that he possesses them all in an eminent degree by ordering "pistols and coffee for two" more than once. Upon one occasion he had the audacity to invite General Houston, who was at that period president of the republic, to "come out and exchange shots" with him. He says that the old warrior "floored" him by coolly making a note on a slip of paper and putting it in his desk. In answer to the enraged challenger's inquiry, the General simply said: "Mr. Smith, you are the fortieth; when I have killed these other thirty-nine damned scoundrels who have challenged me I will accommodate you. Be patient, sir."

WILDCAT SMITH.

Smith came to Texas in 1836, and served in the Texan army through all the long wars with Mexico. He was also a soldier in the great civil war, and when that ended he enlisted to fight Indians and remained on the border until there were no more Comanches to shoot.

On one occasion Smith was captured by a roving band of Comanches, many of whom were well known to him. They frankly told him that they intended to make him run the gantlet and burn him at the stake when they reached their village on Devil River. The captive had a flask of whisky, which the chief took away from him. After taking several drinks the old warrior asked Smith if he could play "seven up." Smith proudly boasted that he could beat any man living playing that particular game. This answer appeared to put the Indian on his mettle, and he at once proposed that they should halt by the side of the war-path and play for the highest stakes that mortal men ever waged on a game of chance—life. Smith eagerly agreed

GAME FOR TWO LIVES.

to the proposal, and they sat down under a tree and dealt the cards on a blanket. The other warriors dismounted and anxiously watched the game. The chief's name was Big Laugh, so-called on account of a natural grin that marked his features. After a short time they stood 6 to 6, and it was Smith's deal. He ran the cards off and turned a jack from the bottom. Smith had won his liberty and Big Laugh told him that he might go; but the Texan had something else in view. He might have walked away, but he determined upon another act which marks him as a generous soul possessed of the highest courage. There was a young white girl tied on one of the ponies who was weeping in the most piteous agony. Smith coolly proposed to play another game, staking his life against the liberty of this young girl. Big Laugh was evidently pleased with the white man's courage, and after taking another drink he began to shuffle the cards. The girl was cut loose from the pony and made to stand on the blanket, while the thongs for binding Smith in case he lost were thrown at her feet. Again they played a close game, and at the end of a short time stood 6 to 6; but it was Big Laugh's deal. With what awful interest that poor girl must have watched the turning of that trump. The Indian slowly dealt the cards, and, peeping at the trump, a hideous grin spread over his face.

"I was sure that all was lost, and was just in the act of springing at his throat," says Smith, "when he turned the queen of hearts for a trump. He could not give me, of course, and I held both the ace and deuce of hearts."

Big Laugh was by this time hilariously drunk and in a most excellent good humor. He not only kept his word and gave Smith and the young girl their liberty, but he furnished them two ponies and allowed Smith to take his gun. The liberated captives reached the settlements in safety.

First Bank Run in London.

The first "run" upon the banking institutions in London of which any record exists took place in 1667, in which several Lombard street bankers and goldsmiths who had loaned out the money intrusted to them found themselves unable to meet demands for immediate payment. Many creditors assembled and riots ensued. Four bankers were hanged at their own doors before order could be restored and the creditors persuaded that they were not being swindled.

Disproportion of Sexes.

The disproportion of the sexes is still very great in Australia. In Western Australia, e. g., there were only 54,000 women in a population of 168,000.

At the average picnic there is too much speaking.

SHEAF OF NONSENSE

De Garry—Are you sure no one was looking when you kissed her? Merritt—Positive. She wasn't even looking herself.—Town Topics.

"We've been playing school, mamma." "Indeed! I hope you behaved nicely." "Oh, I didn't have to behave. I was the teacher."—Truth.

Madge—Why are you buying such expensive stockings? You don't need them, Mayme—Oh, I'll put them away for a rainy day.—Town Topics.

His Honor—Young man, do you appreciate the solemnity of an oath; do you know what an oath is? Boy—Ye-es, sir; I caddied for you last Sunday.—Life.

"Doctor, my husband says black and red spots appear before his eyes every night. What do you advise?" "I advise that he stop playing poker."—Chicago News.

Husband—I am going to join another club to-night. Wife—I don't suppose I shall see you at all after this. Husband—Oh, yes! They have a ladies' day.—Puck.

Tommy—It was a dreadful day the last time I went to grandma's. It blowed and it—— Mother—It "blowed" is not proper. Say it "blew." Tommy—It blew and it snew awful.—Tit-Bits.

Kelly (growing pathetic)—Pity a poor, unfortunate man, Kelliher, thot's got to go home to his wolfe! Kelliher—Brace up, Kelly! Brace up! Ye should be thankful ye are not the Sultan!—Puck.

Hogan—Schwarzmeister was tellin' me thot Uncle Sam could never lick the Fillypanoes. Grogan—An' did ye show him he was wrong? "Oi did. Oi think he will be out in about a fortnight."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Is the cashier in?" "No, he's not." "When will he be back?" "Can't say. He skipped for Canada about an hour ago." "Just my luck! I'm his brother, and he took my hat by mistake this morning!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"What is that old proverb about the moss and the rolling stone?" queried the Chicago girl. "A revolving fragment of the paleozoic age collects no cryptogamous vegetation," replied her cousin from Boston.—Chicago News.

"Seems odd, nowadays, that such poets as Moore and all of them were always writing 'Lines to Fannie.'" "Probably Pegasus is like other horses, and they gave the lines to Fannie so as to have their hands free."—Harlem Life.

Nice Old Lady—Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes the "Mother's Page" in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I enjoyed reading her articles on "The Evening Hour in the Nursery." Office Boy—That's him over there wid de pink shirt, smokin' a cigaroot.—Tid-Bits.

A paper published in Paris recently contained the following unique advertisement: "A young man of agreeable presence, and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step."—Exchange.

"Did you hear about Lucy Weston and Al Winslow falling out?" "No! When did that happen? Pshaw, it can't be true. I saw them together last night." "Yes, it's really so. They went rowing on the pond in the park day before yesterday and tried to change seats in the boat."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Tommy—Miss Upjohn, I want to know the names of the twelve disciples. His Sunday School Teacher—Certainly, Tommy. They were Peter, James, John, Andrew, Philip, Thomas, Judas and—and—I can find the names of the others in a moment—— Tommy—No fair lookin'. I knowed you couldn't do it!—New York Evening World.

Young lady—The musical conservatory is in this building, isn't it? Janitor—No, mum. The musical conservatory is 'bout two blocks down street. Young lady (dubiously)—I—I was sure I heard pupils practicing vocal exercises. Are you sure the musical conservatory is not here? Janitor—Yes'm. Nothin' but dentists' offices, mum.—New York Weekly.

"Great Scott, man," thundered the householder to the ice man, as he looked at his bill for the month, "do you want to make an independent fortune in one season?" "Well," said the man, "I read in a scientific treatise that the sun was gradually losing its heat, and I can't run any chances of being without the means of a livelihood."—Kansas City Star.

"Won't you sit down in this chair, Willie?" said the kind lady who lived next door to the little fellow who had come to pay her a call. "If it's all the same to you, ma'am," said the little visitor, a shadow of pain creeping over his innocent face, "I'll prefer to sit in a chair with a soft cushion. I hid pa's collar button yesterday morning and he found it out."—Boston Traveler.

"It's a great scheme!" exclaimed Farmer Corntossel; "a great scheme." "What's happenin'?" asked his wife. "They're buildin' good roads all around Havana. They're goin' at it enthusiastic an' industrious. An' I'm in great hopes that after they git through with good roads in Cuba they'll work around by degrees to the similar needs of some of us folks in the United States."—Washington Star.

A Field Day for Both Parties.

She—People talk of Sunday being a day of rest, and yet look at the way the poor women have to work to get their husbands to go to church.

He—Yes, and yet look at the way the poor husbands have to work to get out of going.—Brooklyn Life.

A Long Beard.

Just before W. W. Smith, of Florence, Kan., goes to bed he carefully places his beard in a muslin bag. After he has entered the bed, he puts the bag under his pillow. His beard is nearly eight feet long.

There is a great difference in women, but men are nearly always the same.